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Baltimore, Md.







**TWO BABIES.**  
Little white baby lay  
Like a snow-white lamb  
In her mother's arms all day.  
Alone, dancing up and down—  
Body, softly, dimpling down—  
Round her playthings, tears her gown.  
Oh, the eyes of little Fay!  
Solemn, sweet, and dream-like they,  
Telling mysteries away.  
Alone, eyes are widely bright,  
Full of frank and fearless light,  
Solely they tell of little Fay,  
And her mother's love all day.  
Fay, so gently shows her love,  
Cuddling, nestling like a dove,  
She your very heart would move.  
Alone, with a tightened strain,  
Hugs with tiny night and rain—  
Kisses, laughs, and hugs again.  
Whispering each in her own way,  
Alone and the little Fay;  
One gentle—one so gay.  
—The Galaxy.

**THE LEGACY HUNTERS.**

It was Abigail Varley's three-cent anniversary birthday. She was a rich widow, childless, and with no known relatives save two gentlemen cousins. Never was cousinly attachment more beautifully illustrated, or cousinly jealousy less aimably exemplified, than in the daily walk and conversation of these two collateral kinsmen. They bestowed so much affection on their common relative that they had come to waste between themselves.  
Both were several years younger than the lady, with a fair prospect, according to the course of nature, of surviving her; and to support each other in her will, which she had at last begun to seriously making, was the problem which at present engaged their attention.  
On the morning in question, when cousin Roger called to wish cousin Abigail her usual "happy returns," he was not a little surprised to find that Dick, before he had left, had presented his annual gift, and through his annual speech without missing a word; and seeing that the cousinly cast, snugly on his rival's knee, by way of not being outdone in cousinly attention, he took up Pompey, the cousinly poodle, though dogs were his abomination.  
"Well, cousin Abigail, I hope your health continues good," said cousin Roger, putting Pompey's head, and glancing suspiciously at cousin Dick, whom he devoutly wished at Jericho.  
"Not so good lately as it has been. The fact is, the old lady continued, 'I have been thinking seriously of sending for Mr. Parker, with a view of settling my worldly affairs without delay.'  
"O, there is no need of haste, cousin," broke in Dick; "you have many years before you yet;" mentally adding, "what has possessed the old lady to put it off so long?"  
"Well, well, I suppose there's no hurry about it," said cousin Roger.  
"And yet," said cousin Roger, venturing to hint, "it is always well to be prepared; none of us can tell the minute or the hour, you know."  
"And, after all, calling in a lawyer is not so serious a matter as calling in a doctor," said cousin Dick, facetiously.  
The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a young and beautiful girl, at whom cousin Dick stared with a surprised and troubled look.  
"Pardon me, madam," she said, in a voice remarkable sweet and gentle; "not knowing you were engaged, I came to see if you wished me, as usual, to read to you today."  
"Presently, dear Mrs. Varley answered, in a tone that plainly hinted her visitors would not be pressed to stay if they offered to go.  
After an awkward pause, the two cousins took their departure together.  
"Who is that girl?" inquired Roger, as soon as they had reached the street.  
"You may well ask," said cousin Dick; and, stopping, he whispered something in his companion's ear, at which the latter started suddenly.  
"Good heavens! the resemblance is certainly striking. But what is to be done? Do you think the old-cousin Abigail, I mean—suspects anything?"  
"Not yet, I think; but no time is to be lost. I have a plan which it would be well for us to talk over together."  
The two hurried rapidly along.  
Mrs. Varley had occasionally found time hang heavy on her hands, and so had advertised for a person to fill the post of "companion" to an aged lady. It was thus that Hester Darling had become an inmate of the house.  
As early as four o'clock was seen on the morning following that on which we introduced them to the reader, Roger and Dick again presented themselves before their cousin.  
"We have thought it our duty, cousin," began Dick.  
"Our bounden duty," put in Roger.  
"As painful as it is imperative," Dick continued.  
"To put you on your guard, ma'am," Roger added.  
"Against a deceitful and designing person," exclaimed Roger.  
"Who is no better than she should be," shouted Roger, indignantly.  
"Upon my word, cousin, I do not comprehend a syllable you have uttered," said Mrs. Varley; "nor shall I be likely to if you both keep talking at once. Come, Dick, you seem less excited. What is the meaning of all this?"  
"What means, may I venture to ask," said Dick, "did you take to ascertain the character and antecedents of the young woman at present sheltered beneath your roof?"  
"Why, none," replied the good lady.  
"Her young and truthful face was recommendation enough on which to receive her a trial."  
"We have ascertained her to be a most abandoned creature," proceeded Roger, "and have deemed it proper at once to advise you of the discovery. Should she deny the accusation, we are prepared with abundant proof."  
And the two cousins took their leave with an air of exalted virtue.  
Mrs. Varley was a lady of the strictest propriety and severest morals. She was a pious and a kind-hearted girl, she must be promptly freed from this foul and dreadful charge, or cross her threshold never to return.  
She went directly to Hester's chamber.  
"You must tell me your past history, child," said Mrs. Varley, in a determined but not unkindly tone.  
"O, madam, I pray you pardon me; but I cannot, cannot tell it."  
"Then it has been one of shame and guilt?"  
"For a time, madam," answered

the young girl, with flushed cheeks, "but never of guilt."  
What was it that caused Mrs. Varley to start so suddenly, and stagger, half fainting, to a seat at Hester's dressing-table?  
"Who—whose likeness is that?" she exclaimed, in a scarce articulate voice, pointing to an open miniature on the table.  
"My mother's," Hester answered.  
"Then you are Florence Marvin's child?"  
"That was indeed my mother's name."  
"More—you are the daughter of my only brother, George Haywood, for Florence Marvin was his wife."  
With a stifled cry, she who had believed herself alone and friendless in the world fell on her knees, and wept, and wept till her kindred's neck, and wept tears of mingled gladness and sorrow.  
Her story, which Hester had refused to confess to a stranger's ears, she now willingly imparted to one from whom she felt she had no longer a right to withhold it.  
That her brother had married in opposition to her father's wishes, and had been disinherited in consequence, was already known to Abigail Varley; but what distant spot he had selected for his home, and what had befallen him there, she never learned.  
The story was not enough.  
After a few tolling bells but no unhappy years—for they were spent in the loved society of his wife and child—a dire calamity had fallen upon George Haywood. He came under suspicion of a fearful crime. A network of circumstances too intricate for man's wit to disentangle surrounded him, and he was condemned to die. The stern judgment was carried into effect, and the executed murderer's despised widow sought concealment for herself and child in a change of place and name. Long, long years afterwards the truth was discovered; but the judicial murder had passed among the irrevocable. The poor widow died at last—died broken-hearted, but with one consolation—she had lived to see her husband's innocence vindicated.  
"And this, my poor child, is the shame of which you speak?"  
"My life has known no other."  
Not many days after, Hester was sent to one of the first seminaries in the land, for she had yet time enough to avail herself of opportunities of culture hitherto beyond her reach. Her aunt and she kept their own counsel. Cousin Roger and Dick only knew that the object of their solicitude had disappeared, and probably congratulated themselves on the success of their virtuous strategy.  
After a time, Mr. Parker, cousin Abigail's lawyer, was sent for; and after that the good lady seemed wonderfully revived in health and spirits. At her next birthday, the prospect of "many happy returns" produced anything but a happy effect on the two expectant cousins, who began to think that, after all, the life-table might not be infallible. But her time came at last; and, within a few days of the sad event, cousin Roger and Dick were duly summoned to attend the reading of Abigail Varley's will.  
They were a good deal startled at the sight of their old enemy, the strange girl.  
Poor Tabby, as if seeking consolation in her bereavement, leaped upon the knee of her old friend Dick, who stroked her back pathetically, but a little nervously. Pompey, who took things more philosophically, stretched himself out for a snooze at the feet of Roger.  
Mr. Parker, drawing from his pocket the document, proceeded to read it. The introduction was very formal. But, hark! there something coming now.  
"To my cousin, Richard Figgins—"  
"Richard looked at Roger in triumph. 'I give and bequeath—'  
You could have heard both their hearts beat.  
"In consideration of the natural love and affection which I have long observed between—"  
Dick looked puzzled.  
"My favorite old Tabby—"  
Dick gave Tabby a furious stroke the wrong way.  
"And no more of my estate."  
With a fling that betokened a most emphatic renunciation of the legacy, Tabby was sent mewling and spitting to the farthest corner of the room.  
"To my cousin, Roger Smith—"  
It was Roger's turn to triumph.  
"In consideration of the like natural love and affection—"  
Roger began to feel suspicious.  
"I give and bequeath my dog Pompey, and all moveable estate."  
With a violent kick, Pompey was sent spinning after the cat; and the fear of her who had so long kept the peace between them being no longer before their eyes, the pent-up enmity of years found vent in an uproarious fight, in the noise of which the voice of the old lawyer was almost drowned; but the words, "rest and residue of my estate—Hester Haywood," were sufficiently audible, and cousins Dick and Roger stayed to hear no more.

**GENES.**

The contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.  
It is a scandal that the sacred name of love should be given to that form of it which is seldom found pure, and which very often has not the least particle of real love in it.  
Great men, like great cities, have many crooked alleys and dark alleys in their hearts, whereby he that knows them may save himself much time and trouble.  
A simple flower may be shelter for a troubled soul from the storms of life. Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.  
The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.  
It is high, solemn, almost awful enough for every individual, that his earthly infirmities, which has taken its shop here, will never, through all ages, be prepared with abundant proof.  
And the two cousins took their leave with an air of exalted virtue.  
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**FARM AND FISHING.**

**CAPACITY OF CISTERS AND TANKS.**  
The following valuable table, showing the capacity of cisterns and tanks, computed in barrels of thirty-one and a half gallons, was prepared by Philip Goley, of Cincinnati:  

DIAMETER IN FEET.	DEPTH IN FEET.	CAPACITY IN BARRELS.
1	1	1.5
2	1	6
3	1	13.5
4	1	24
5	1	37.5
6	1	54
7	1	73.5
8	1	96
9	1	121.5
10	1	150
11	1	181.5
12	1	216
13	1	253.5
14	1	294
15	1	337.5
16	1	384
17	1	433.5
18	1	486
19	1	541.5
20	1	600
21	1	661.5
22	1	726
23	1	793.5
24	1	864
25	1	937.5
26	1	1014
27	1	1093.5
28	1	1176
29	1	1261.5
30	1	1350
31	1	1441.5
32	1	1536
33	1	1633.5
34	1	1734
35	1	1837.5
36	1	1944
37	1	2053.5
38	1	2166
39	1	2281.5
40	1	2400
41	1	2521.5
42	1	2646
43	1	2773.5
44	1	2904
45	1	3037.5
46	1	3174
47	1	3313.5
48	1	3456
49	1	3601.5
50	1	3750
51	1	3901.5
52	1	4056
53	1	4213.5
54	1	4374
55	1	4537.5
56	1	4704
57	1	4873.5
58	1	5046
59	1	5221.5
60	1	5400
61	1	5581.5
62	1	5766
63	1	5953.5
64	1	6144
65	1	6337.5
66	1	6534
67	1	6733.5
68	1	6936
69	1	7141.5
70	1	7350
71	1	7561.5
72	1	7776
73	1	7993.5
74	1	8214
75	1	8437.5
76	1	8664
77	1	8893.5
78	1	9126
79	1	9361.5
80	1	9600
81	1	9841.5
82	1	10086
83	1	10333.5
84	1	10584
85	1	10837.5
86	1	11094
87	1	11353.5
88	1	11616
89	1	11881.5
90	1	12150
91	1	12421.5
92	1	12696
93	1	12973.5
94	1	13254
95	1	13537.5
96	1	13824
97	1	14113.5
98	1	14406
99	1	14701.5
100	1	15000

  
**HOUSEHOLD HELPS.**  
**CRACKER DESERT.**—Choose whole soda crackers, and lay each upon a separate small plate. Pour upon it enough boiling water to soak it well, and leave none upon the plate, cover with dressing of good sweetened cream with a spoonful of jelly in the center if you choose, or dip upon it a portion of nice fruit, canned, stewed, or fresh, as is convenient.  
**GEESSE AND DUCKS.**—Boiling water should be poured all over and inside of a goose or duck before preparing it for cooking, to take out strong oily taste. If a lemon that has been carefully pared without breaking the thin inner white skin be placed inside a wild duck, and kept there for forty-eight hours before cooking, it will remove all trace of a fishy flavor.  
**STUFFED CARBAGE.**—Take a large, fresh cabbage and cut out the heart; fill the place with a stuffing made of cooked chicken or veal, chopped very fine and highly seasoned, and rolled into balls with yolk of egg. Then tie the cabbage firmly together, and boil in a covered kettle for two hours. This makes a delicious dish, and is useful for using small pieces of cold meat.  
**A GOOD LINIMENT.**—Take one ounce green copperas; two ounces white vitriol; two ounces common salt; two ounces linseed oil; eight ounces West India molasses; boil over a slow fire fifteen minutes in a pint of urine; when almost cold add one ounce oil of vitriol and four ounces spirits turpentine. Apply to the wound with a feather; for bruise or strain wash the part with the liniment.  
**TO FASTEN HANDLES TO KNIVES, &c.**—The following mixture is recommended for this purpose in the *Scientific American*: Mix together one pound of resin and eight ounces of sulphur, and keep it either in bars or reduced to powder; mix one part of this powder with half a pint of iron filings, fine sand, or any other material, and mix well. Dip the handle of the knife or fork in the mixture, and then dip it in the resin. Heat the stem of the knife or fork and insert it hot, and when cold it will be found tight.  
**HOW TO MAKE ERASABLE SOAP.**—Here is an excellent recipe for making genuine erasable soap that will remove grease and stains from clothing: Two pounds of good Castile soap; half a pound of carbonate of potash, dissolved in half a pint of water. Cut the soap in thin slices, boil the soap with the potash until it is thick enough to mould in cakes; also add alcohol, half an ounce; camphor, half an ounce; hartshorn, half an ounce; color with half an ounce of pulverized charcoal.  
**COFFEE STARCH.**—This is much better than starch made in the ordinary way for all dark clothing—such as black or dark brown calicoes, percales and muslins; also for grass linens and Hollands. Take two tablespoonfuls of the best starch, mixed with enough cold water to make it a paste. Stir this into a pint of boiling hot coffee well settled. Let it boil about ten minutes. Stir it a few minutes with a spermaceti or wax candle; strain it through a cloth, and starch the dark colored or cloth clothes in it.  
**A PERFECT YEAST.**—Sift a pint of flour, pour boiling water on it till thoroughly stirred, and set aside till cooled to blood heat. Then add a teaspoonful of yeast. In twenty-four hours the mass will be all yeast of the best quality. To make this into yeast cakes, work enough sifted corn meal into it to enable the mass to be rolled out flat on a board or table top. Cut it into squares and dry in a brick wall and not a hot sun. If kept perfectly dry, this yeast will remain good for a year or more, but is best when made every three or six months.  
**Useful Information.**  
A FRENCHMAN has discovered that the severest attack of neuralgia can be relieved by directing a stream of water from a force pump against the part affected.  
Roots of black hellebore stewed on charcoal made in the ordinary way will prove certain death to animals. They eat it with avidity, although a deadly poison.  
GAME may be kept a long time by putting a little finely powdered charcoal in a little muslin bag in the inside of the bird or hare, etc., the charcoal being changed daily.  
EARLY sown wheat usually gives more straw in proportion to the yield of grain, than late sown. The largest top will cover the ground, and will be well pleased that it does not always yield the best harvest.  
COVER your potatoes in the cellar at least eight inches deep with homelock or cedar boughs, and you will be well pleased that you do not the same again next year.—*Kumbeck Journal.*  
SEE that the surface drains of wheat fields are properly made before the ground freezes. They should be made before the seed grows, but better open them now than neglect them.  
To keep vegetable marrow for winter use, they must be fully ripe when cut, and the stem sealed with sealing wax; afterward they should be placed in a bag to hang in a cool, dry place.  
Good seed potatoes should be selected and safely stored. The cop is, and is likely to be, very remunerative to the farmers who grow it, and success depends a good deal on the quality of the seed.  
The cost of raising a coarse, misshapen and unthrifty animal is just as great as it is to raise a finely formed, thrifty growing animal. When the selling time comes it becomes apparent which is the more profitable for a farmer to produce.  
APPLES should be left in out-houses, where they have been stored, until the approach of freezing weather, when they are to be assorted and removed to the cellar. They will keep much longer if thus kept cool, than when taken to the cellar at once when gathered.  
LOOK around the garden before frost and see if you have some young and strong plants that proved a little late for outdoor flowering, that you would like to try in pots. If so, take them up with as little disturbance as possible, put in good soil, and treat as previously directed.  
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for them. Have troughs made, and nail strips across, eight inches apart, to keep the hogs from lying down in the water, and let these troughs be placed on floors, so high that they will not wallow in mud. If feed be given them, it should be soaked in swill barrels for twelve hours—no longer—before feeding, and fed to them as drink.  
**Household Helps.**  
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**The Pair See.**  
Mrs. REMORE says the woman who carried her baby won't give \$200 for lace. Correct.  
MRS. THIER, who over seventy years of age, wears a jaunty little hat that would be youthful for a woman of thirty.  
A WEALTHY and devoted husband in Chicago, according to a local journal, keeps his wife "illuminated with brilliant lights."  
NEVER were merinos, cashmeres, serges, and Empress cloths in such variety and at such low prices seen in the market as this season.  
SKIRTS are often made with only the front breadths trimmed on the bottom, the back breadths being plain and plaited into the binding.  
SHORT dresses are coming into fashion again, and young ladies are experiencing the old difficulty of getting a No. 6 foot into a No. 4 shoe.  
A FACTION'S young lady wickedly remarks that the reason why some peculiar equippages are called dog-carts is that puppies always ride in them.  
The Boston Post mentions that Fred's engagement was a surprise to his mother. It very often affects mothers that they who do not have a chance to boss the job themselves.  
AN old woman in New Hampshire, who was visited on her one-hundredth birthday by a crowd of relatives and friends, talked all day without showing fatigue.  
MARY CLEMMER AMES has been pronounced the best looking literary lady of the country, and neither the friends of Susan B. Anthony or of Julia Ward Howe have yet had the courage to deny it.  
The average female is just now crazy over hats. If she hasn't got a soft felt, with a rakish crown and a thievish looking brim, she is crazy to get one; and if she has got one, she is mad because she didn't get the other pattern.  
THERE is a man in East Lyme, Connecticut, who has kept his hair for six years, because he was once disappointed in love. He isn't sick, but simply chronically sorrowful that he didn't get the girl. His indolgent mother waits on him constantly.  
His view of the prevalence of birds on ladies' hats this season, wouldn't a milliner make a fortune by putting on the brim of a hat a whole poultry-yard, with a horse looking at it through a stable window? We charge nothing for the suggestion.  
MR. MARTIN, of Boston, got a divorce from his wife, and on the same day married another woman. The next day a Judge set aside the divorce as illegal, and the second marriage was consequently void. Thus Mr. Martin has a wife that he can't get rid of, and wants one that he can't have.  
A GENTLEMAN writes to the New York Times that he has been hunting for a few years, but has never found a good place in society, who was willing to accept himself and his \$1,800 a year. He claims to be well-bred, good looking, and accomplished.  
The light, pretty waterproof now sold made it safe to wear a handsomely trimmed dress under them, without giving that sadly crushed look which it would have once assumed beneath the old-fashioned heavy repellants which women were so glad to have when they were first manufactured, and are now so glad to lose.  
FASHIONABLE ladies are telling one another that everything is so cheap. Yes, things are very cheap; so cheap that few have money enough to buy anything. It is always the way, says Flora McFimley, looking over her old blue silk with a view of having it dyed, "when people have money, things are awful cheap; but when they haven't, things are awful dear."  
**Dutch Superstition.**  
A writer at present sojourning in Germany, expresses considerable amusement at the superstitious beliefs of the lower orders of the people. "An old fish-wife was quietly enjoying her lunch of eggs and salt behind a pile of nets, and my attention was aroused by the fact that she ate the eggs she spitfully ground the shell to powder under her heel. Restraining my curiosity until the repast was concluded, I approached and questioned her upon her strange act. She answered me that the nettle would sell over to England in them." Such attention to one's neighbors is truly touching. She then carefully collected the stray grains of salt, telling me that "spilled salt is a ship wrecked." Amused at her credulity, I urged her to instruct me in her wise lore that I might teach the good friends in America how to live. "Well," said she, "never rock the cradle when the baby is not in it; it will hurt the child and hasten its death. If you make a present of a knife or spoon to the person receiving it must pay something for it; else your friendship will be cut off. Stolen potatoes or chestnuts are a cure for rheumatism. Never talk to yourself, or you will die a violent death, and don't go under a ladder unless you wish to be hanged."  
CAN IT BE TRUE?—Within the last few months a considerable number of persons have called upon Dr. Walker, the proprietor of the popular medicine known as VINEGAR BITTERS, and assured him that, in their belief, his preparation is an infallible antidote for rum and tobacco. The minute details which have been furnished him forbid him to doubt the accuracy of the statements. This new claim of a great remedy to the confidence of the public will give vast and well-deserved impulse to its popularity. Heretofore the BITTERS have been recognized as a pure vegetable tonic and corrective, devoid of alcohol, and adapted to the cure of the stomach and bowels complaints, nervous disorders, bilious affections, muscular diseases, and, indeed, a majority of the ailments within the reach of medicine; but if it will cure the craving for liquor and tobacco, philosophers, statesmen, and theologians ought to unite their voices in its praise. Can the good news be true? It is easy to test the question.  
A FRENCH paper tells of a marriage which occurred not long ago, where the bridegroom, unable to write, signed his name on the register with a cross. The bride, though she had received a good education, did the same, replying to a relative who whispered a remonstrance, "Did you wish me to humiliate my husband in this solemn act, by placing him in a state of inferiority to his wife? I will soon manage that he shall be able to write."

**JUDGMENT OF MUSICIANS.**—Theodore Thomas, the distinguished founder and conductor of the famous "Thomas Orchestra," New York, ought to know as well as any one the opinions entertained by musicians respecting musical instruments. He declares that they generally agree with him in regarding the MASON & HAMLEN CABINET ORGANS as much the best instruments of this class in the world. It is not, therefore, surprising that they are now largely exported to Europe, commanding higher prices there than the instruments of their best makers.—*Com.*  
If the old man will insist on taking a smoke after going to bed at night, the sooner the house is insured for twice its value the more complacent will be the feelings of the relatives who stand by when the firemen hunt among the ruins for his bones.—*Detroit Free Press.*  
**HAIR-RESTORING OIL.**  
H. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.  
Dear Sir:—Your favor is just received. I intended to write to you several weeks since concerning the improvement in my health, which is now very apparent. I have used one bottle of Favorite Hair-Resolving with the best results, although I will admit I was somewhat discouraged after its use for a short time only. I took it under very disadvantageous circumstances—having suffered from indigestion, nervousness, and the season of "house cleaning" was obliged, through the incompetency of help, to do more than I ought, and, and I suffered dreadfully, lifted when I ought not to have raised my hand, and did all I could to bring it to a close. I was, however, laying aside all cares and continuing the remedy, I find, after using less than one bottle, to be much benefited, and all the symptoms of which I wrote you, I have suffered terribly, and what added to my distress was the consciousness of not procuring relief from ordinary sources; at times it seemed almost impossible to stand, so great was the distress. I am now, however, feeling much better, and I am sure that the oil will do me good. I have suffered from indigestion, nervousness, and the season of "house cleaning" was obliged, through the incompetency of help, to do more than I ought, and, and I suffered dreadfully, lifted when I ought not to have raised my hand, and did all I could to bring it to a close. 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